

CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL ASSAULT

Tim a Ten-year-old Girl Who Lives Near Howell.

JOHNSON ACCUSED.

lies are Negroes and Al- ged Crime Committed Thursday.

Johnson, col., of near Howell, placed in jail here Saturday, charged with criminal assault, the victim being the ten-year-old daughter of Tom Parker, col., who lives in same neighborhood. Johnson Parker live on the same farm it is charged that the crime was committed last Thursday. Constable Adcock, assisted by Messrs. J. Weaver and W. H. Radford, began search for Johnson and early Friday morning he was located in house near what is known as Georgetown half way between Howell and Beverly. The negro succeeded in escaping from the building, however. The officer and his deputies in chase on foot, firing several shots as they ran, but the negro was out of foot and succeeded in keeping out of their reach for nearly an hour, when he was finally overtaken at Bennetts town, where he was taken into custody and brought to jail. Johnson denies his guilt. He was overtaken by the officers and a pistol was found in his pocket.

JOHNSON HARDWARE CO.

Out The Store of W. A. P. Pool & Son.

New corporation known as the Johnson Hardware Co., has bought the hardware business of W. A. P. Pool & Son, and has taken charge of business. The incorporators are Will Kimms, President; Walter S. Harned, Secretary; C. S. Jackson, Secretary and Treasurer. The company capital is \$10,000. It will continue the business at the same place, which has been occupied as a hardware store for more than 30 years. Wallace Harris, who has been the old firm, will remain with new company. The incorporators are all prominent and progressive young business men, well known as hustlers in business circles. They have already taken charge and will enlarge and improve the stock.

If you want fire, life or bond insurance in the... and Strongest companies, see D. WALLACE, up stairs, over person -- Fowler store, corner and Main, or



Lecture To-day. of W. H. Strange, of Frank will lecture on Corn Culture at Court House today, in promotion of the boys' corn contest.

Jersey Cows for sale. R. F. RIVES, Both phones.

HOLLAND'S OPERA HOUSE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28TH.

Harry P. Brown Offers Harold McGrath's Delightful Comedy **THE MAN ON THE BOX** Herbert Thayer and a carefully Selected Company.

The Harem Skirt, Latest Paris Sensation, Worn at BOURBON. PRICES: 50c, 75c and \$1.00. L. and 35c.

Mrs. Vest Felt Like Crying.

Wallace, Va.—Mrs. Mary Vest, of this place, says, "I hadn't been very well for three years, and at last I was taken bad. I could not stand on my feet, I had such pains. I ached all over. I felt like crying all the time. Mother insisted on my trying Cardui. Now I feel well, and do nearly all my house work." No medicine for weak and ailing women, has been so successful as Cardui. It goes to the spot, relieving pain and distress, and building up womanly strength, in a way that will surely please you. Only try it once.

LADIES TO LEAD CLEAN-UP DAY.

(Continued From Fourth Page)

The charter members are as follows: Mesdames, H. H. Abernathy, J. W. Adams, J. B. Allensworth, O. H. Anderson, Rogers Barr, Austin Bell, T. W. Blakey, L. McF. Blakemore, J. P. Braden, C. H. H. Branch, F. J. Brownell, J. C. Buckner, Upshaw Buckner, J. W. Carloss, J. H. Cate, Ida Chappell, Lillie Chatten, C. R. Clark, R. E. Cooper, W. T. Cooper, F. W. Dabney, J. H. Dagg, L. H. Davis, W. S. Davison, W. R. Dorris, W. C. Dority, Nat Dortch, Jno. C. Duffy, A. H. Eckles, M. L. Eib, D. G. Edwards, N. H. Fentress, M. C. Forbes, J. M. Forbes, H. M. Frankel, J. S. Fritz, W. T. Fowler, Nat Gaither, Mattie Gaines, Barksdale Hamlett, T. R. Hancock, W. M. Hancock, W. S. Harned, Jouett Henry, W. R. Howell, J. B. Jackson, C. S. Jarrett, W. H. Jesup, A. R. Kasey, Albert Kelly, Will Kimmons, A. P. King, D. W. Kitchen, Geo. Kolb, Virginia Lipscomb, H. C. Locker, Geo. C. Long, Chas. M. Meacham, T. J. McReynolds, H. L. McPherson, Sallie Moss, L. Nash, Fannie M. Owsley, S. A. Pate, W. H. Peach, T. W. Perkins, W. A. Radford, W. F. Randle, Frank Rives, R. A. Rogers, Bailey Russell, Ira L. Smith, H. D. Smith, J. M. Starling, Gus K. Stevens, R. T. Stowe, Chas. Stuart, M. H. Tandy, W. T. Tandy, C. H. Tandy, Preston Thomas, Jno. B. Trice, Lillie Twyman, T. C. Underwood, Alex. Warfield, Fannie Ware, A. W. Wood, H. M. Wood, Hunter Wood, Jr., Bailey Waller, Jas. West, P. E. West, J. T. Wall, Upshaw Woodridge, Frank Yost, Misses Fannie Bachman, Emily Braden, Annie Cox, Lalla Dennis, Jimmie Ellis, Jennie Glass, Bettie Hopper, Carrie Hopper Mollie Martin, Jean McKee, Katie McDaniel, Lottie McDaniel, Mary McPherson, Virginia Tibbs, Mary Walker, Jennie Wallace, Jennie West, Ellen Young.

Boarders wanters at the J. H. Anderson house, South Main St. MRS. WEBB WATKINS.

WORKMAN KILLED.

Philip J. Kerzey, a workman for Mason & Hanger, Railroad Contractors at Empire hill, was killed by a premature explosion of dynamite while blasting stone. He was terribly maimed, but lived about three hours. He was 34 years old and lived at Slaughtersville, Ky.

Broke Knee Cap.

L. B. Gayce broke the knee cap on his right leg Sunday afternoon by a fall while crossing Main street.

Time is money—with the exception of the time made by the losing horse.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CITY BANK & TRUST CO.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Made at Call of Secretary of State on Apr. 12, 1911.

RESOURCES:

Neg. Notes, Bonds, Etc.	\$540,851.25
Cash and Sight Exchange	185,087.44
Banking House, Real Estate and Other Assets	21,595.25
	\$747,533.94

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	91,385.86
Deposits	596,148.08
	\$747,533.94

CHURCH IS BURNED

House of Worship at Macedonia Destroyed.

The Christian Church at Macedonia was destroyed by fire Sunday night, entailing a loss of probably \$1,000, with no insurance. It is supposed that the roof caught from sparks from the stove, as the flames were discovered shortly after a fire had been kindled in the stove.

Value of Insurance.

Fires originate in unexpected places and from unknown causes. Doubtless some one who reads this article will sustain the next loss. Are YOU insured and have you the best insurance your money can buy? The Giant Insurance Agency (Incorporated), settles their losses promptly and equitably and guarantees to sell their policies at as low rate as any company doing business. Office in First National Bank building. Both 'phones.

MESSAGE FOR BAD CHILDREN

English Woman Brings From Japan a Novel Method of Treating the Naughty Little Ones.

Message for naughty children is the latest prescription from Japan. It has been brought to England by a Miss Josephine Richardson, who has spent three years in Japan, where she had charge of some Japanese children who belonged to one of the best families in the country. She says:

"Whenever my charges grew sulky or unamenable to discipline for any length of time they were quietly taken away, reappearing the next day perfectly serene, good tempered and willing to learn.

"How had the change been effected? I found on inquiry that the children had had their stomachs massaged and that this was a very generally practiced remedy.

"It appears that in Japan all naughtiness is held to proceed from a disordered stomach, a belief which in most instances is probably correct.

"So successful was the massage treatment with my Japanese children that I certainly think the experiment should be made among English children."

NOTED TIBETAN CITY.

Just outside Tachien-lu is the stone bridge which is called "the gate to Tibet." Tachien-lu is a narrow little city which had to conform its shape to the contour of the mountains which shut it in. There is hardly a foot of level ground within the walls. It is the great emporium of trade between China and Tibet where the Chinese exchange tea for musk and gold-dust. Many red-frocked lamas are to be seen about the city, most of whom live in large lamaseries outside the walls. On the flat roofs of the houses flutter innumerable prayer-flags, giving to the winds the universal Tibetan hymn of praise.

CONTINUES SHERIDAN LINE.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who is to be married soon to Miss Ina Walker, daughter of Sir Samuel Walker, the lord chancellor of Ireland, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated playwright, statesman and orator.

His grandfather, another Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a member of the house of commons in the liberal interest from 1845 till 1868 and his mother is the second daughter of the Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, the author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Mrs. Sheridan is a sister of Lady Harcourt, the widow of Sir William Harcourt.—Westminster Gazette.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Does that girl use any make-up on her face?"
 "Is that what you call it? I thought it was make-out."

The Old Attendant Was Faithful.
 When Napoleon died at Longwood, St. Helena, a rainstorm was raging. A faithful attendant threw over the body of the emperor the cloak he had worn at Marengo—a battle won by the incomparable Dessaix after it had been lost by the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy.

What Chance Has He?

Johnny—"Grandpa, do lions go to heaven?"
 Grandpa—"No, Johnny."
 Johnny—"Well, do ministers?"
 Grandpa—"Why, of course. Why do you ask?"
 Johnny—"Well, suppose a lion eats a minister?"—Life.

MacNISH'S SPLURGE

"Why, it's raining!" said Miss Alcott.
 Several hundred other people made the same remark at approximately the same instant. All of them were surging out of the theater at eleven o'clock and all of them appeared to resent the downpour as a personal insult.

"So it is," agreed MacNish. He glanced at Miss Alcott's white plumes and perishable wrap. "If you don't mind standing here in the entrance," he said, "I'll make a dash for the corner and telephone for a taxi."
 "Oh, but it will make your cold worse," said Miss Alcott. "It's not safe in this rain!"
 "Nonsense!" wheezed MacNish and vanished.

Over the crush of people presently floated the calls of stray cabmen who hailed the rain as a godsend. When MacNish got back five minutes later he was fuming.

"They haven't anything in the barns," he said, "but they promise to send something in ten minutes."
 "There are all sorts of cabs waiting here," suggested Miss Alcott.
 "I'll tell you," said MacNish. "We can get over to a cafe in less than ten minutes and I'll phone them then to cancel my taxi order."
 Consequently they scrambled into a horse drawn rig and sought a cafe.

"You pick out something good from the menu," said MacNish, "and I'll telephone."
 Miss Alcott changed her mind from oysters to lobster Newburg and then to rarebit and back to oysters as a request before MacNish returned. There was perspiration on his brow.

"Did you get them?" inquired Miss Alcott.
 "Get them!" echoed MacNish. "I did after nearly smashing the telephone. They were busy. They're always busy. They informed me in a cold, severe tone of voice that the taxi that I had ordered is standing over in front of the theater waiting for me and they've nothing to send after it to tell it to come back."

"What'll you do?" asked Miss Alcott in dismay.
 "Let it wait," said MacNish sadly. "Meanwhile it is going 'click, click,'" reminded the young woman with a feminine horror of extravagance.

"Let's talk about something pleasant," begged MacNish. "Maybe the meter will break or the chauffeur have apoplexy or something."
 "The chauffeur may have apoplexy," remarked Miss Alcott, "but you are going to have pneumonia if you keep on barking."
 "I might just as well die of pneumonia," said MacNish, "as of shock over the taxi bill!"

It rained outside and they ate their supper and still it rained. It did more, it poured cats and dogs.

"We can never get to the station," said MacNish. "I'll go phone for a taxi to take us out home."
 "They wanted to know," he reported on his return, "if we'd really wait here until they sent it. I wouldn't have the suspicious nature of that order clerk for anything. I told them nothing could pry us from this spot under the circumstances unless somebody came along with a steam launch or a rowboat."

They waited. MacNish smoked a whole cigar and Miss Alcott had another fruit lemonade. Three times the waiter sent out to scout reported that there was no taxi for MacNish. There were motors outside to hire, but MacNish had promised to wait, so they waited.

After a half hour he had another session with the telephone. When he came back his mouth was in a straight line and one shoulder was higher than the other. He looked ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

"I had quite a conversation with our friend the order clerk at the livery," he said. "Each of us told the other politely that he regretted to say he was a liar and then we put frills on to the sentiment. He vowed he'd sent the taxi ages ago and I swore it wasn't here. Of course it's somewhere going 'click, click,' but that doesn't help us. So I ordered him to send on another. They make me tired!"

"It's perfectly dreadful!" sympathized Miss Alcott. "Mother will be so worried!"

After a while their taxi arrived and they got in. The chauffeur leaned around and spoke. "The other car was here after all," he murmured. "It was waiting at the other entrance to the cafe!"
 "Oh!" said MacNish faintly.
 "My goodness!" cried Miss Alcott. "What'll you do?"
 "Leave that to the livery," said MacNish grimly. "They'll do it! Anyhow, I don't care—I know now exactly how it feels to be a millionaire. I've had motor cars sprinkled all around town tonight waiting for me on about every unoccupied corner and the sensation's great!"

When Napoleon Played an Artist.
 It is said that the Emperor Napoleon once colored a map of Italy with his own hand, and then in a moment of caprice striped it like a stocking, placed a buckle on the tape, and said to one of his generals: "Rapp, you see the lady is about to kick Sicily," an anecdote which would seem to argue that the great soldier was not over-zealous in the matter of finishing a map.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

New York Has New Hotel Where Women May Smoke as in Foreign Hotels.

Apropos of the new hotel in New York where women, as in all the fashionable hotels abroad, may smoke, Frederick Townsend Martin said at a recent luncheon:
 "The cigarette-smoking woman has doubtless come to stay. Times have indeed changed since the nineteenth century, or Victorian age."
 "At a soiree during the Victorian age in Washington square, when a young lady rose to play on the violin an old gentleman named Von Twiller exclaimed in a shocked voice:
 "Good gracious a woman playing a fiddle!"
 "Some time afterward a young man sat down at the piano, whereupon Von Twiller sneered:
 "I wonder if the dear creature can sew!"

TEMPORARILY SATISFIED.



Marie—When you spoke to papa, did you tell him you had £500 in the bank?
 Tom—I did.
 Marie—And what did he say?
 Tom—He borrowed it.

HOTELS AND HOSPITALS.

"The modern hotel is the rival of a hospital, when it comes to providing conveniences for the sick," says Col. John A. Coffin, a former Cleveland man, who now writes "Birmingham, Ala.," after his name on the hotel registers.

"It's beyond the power of comprehension of the ordinary man the number of supplies that one can order when one is lying sick in a two by four room on the fifteenth floor of a modern hotel.

"All one has to do is to ring for crutches, wheeled chairs, hot water bottles and all the usual medicines. Then, too, there's a woman in the sewing room to make bandages; a barber close at hand to look after the men patients and, as a rule, a roof garden on which to take a patient during convalescence. Yes, a modern hotel is indeed a most wonderful institution."

NO NEED TO WORRY.

At the dress rehearsal it became apparent to all old hands that it was going to be nip and tuck whether the new play was a success or not. The young actor who had been cast for his second speaking part was less disturbed than anybody else about professional criticism.

"I never care much for what those fellows say," he drawled. "Come right down to it, the only criticism that I am really afraid of is that of the firemen who clear the aisles. Pretty discerning chaps, those firemen are."
 "Firemen?" sniffed an old actor.
 "Good Lord, boy, if we ever get to the point where the firemen have to be called in to clear the aisles, you won't have to worry over what anybody thinks of you."

NOT ABSOLUTELY SURE.

"Young man, are you quite sure my daughter cares enough for you to marry you?"
 "I'm not as positive of that as I wish I were, Mr. Griggins. Sometimes, when she kisses me good night, she does it in such an absent minded, impersonal way that I don't think she fully realizes what she is doing or who I am."

Showing That Men Are Brutes

When the Thompsons came in from their brisk Sunday afternoon walk, cheerful and happy, Mrs. Thompson deposited her wonderful millinery creation on the table in the reception hall. Then she hastened into the kitchen to prepare one of her delightful Sunday evening suppers, which Thompson says are entirely without equals in the culinary line.

Thompson removed his hat and coat and then wandered into the kitchen after his wife. He has a way of "tagging" her about the house. This is due partly to the fact that he is an abstractly social creature and partly to the strange circumstance that he has a particular predilection for his wife's society. Presently he drifted into the pantry and returned with a small yellow skinned onion in his hand.

"What do you call this beautiful object?" he inquired facetiously.

His wife considered this attempt at witicism quite unworthy of notice. She merely instructed him to put the onion back where it belonged or he would be smelling like an onion patch.

After dipping around into various things which he should have left alone, Thompson left the kitchen, still holding the onion in his hand. On his way to the living room he passed through the hall and there, spying the Sunday hat of Mrs. Thompson, he was moved to separate the feathers and other bijouterie which adorned it and to drop the recently acquired redolent root into the nest thus arranged.

After this frisky deed he went into the living room and soon forgot his little joke.

Owing to a series of domestic cataclysms Mrs. Thompson dressed for the tea given by Mrs. Lawton—Mrs. Lawton was quite the most aristocratic person among Mrs. Thompson's acquaintances, so she was particularly anxious to make a good appearance, though she hated tea—in a good deal of a hurry. She entered the street car which would take her nearest her destination very much out of breath and with one glove still only partly on. She was too much occupied with her glove for a few moments to be conscious of extraneous things, but presently her thoughts became less concentrated and she began to perceive a faint odor of onions in the air. She looked suspiciously at the woman who sat next to her and the woman who sat next to her looked suspiciously at her. Before long the other woman, sniffing the air with obvious intent, rose and took a seat as far away from Mrs. Thompson as possible.

"Well," murmured Mrs. Thompson, indignantly to herself, "if people will soak themselves in onions they have to expect to be annoyed by the odor."

However, she was somewhat surprised to realize in a few moments that, in spite of the departure of the woman the scent of onions still hung in the atmosphere. With a slight exclamation of annoyance she glanced sidewise at the woman on the other side of her and after a minute or so followed the example of the first woman. For a short time she seemed to have escaped the penetrating odor, but when the little breeze caused by her hasty movement had died down, the onion odor once more demanded her attention. It became so insistent that she breathed a sigh of relief when she reached her corner and left the car.

She was having a fairly good time at the tea when the acquaintance with whom she had been talking suddenly put up a gloved hand and murmured behind it: "Truly, it is a horrible suspicion, but I am becoming more and more convinced every minute that our hostess is going to serve onions as natural on this festive occasion."

It was at this point that Mrs. Thompson began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Just how she could shed an onion flavor everywhere she went she was totally unable to imagine, but if the odor had no connection with her, why did it follow her about so persistently?

She was still turning this question over uneasily in her mind, when Mrs. Perkins, who lived two blocks from her, approached her and invited her to drive home with her in her electric runabout. When they had gone only a little distance Mrs. Perkins gave a sudden exclamation of disgust.

"Do you smell onions?" she asked.
 "Mrs. Thompson sniffed faintly heartily. "I—I believe I do," she murmured, meekly.
 "I do believe," concluded Mrs. Perkins, vehemently, "that our chauffeur has been sleeping in the car!"

She was in the depths of depression when Thompson reached home. Without delay she poured her tale of woe into his ear. As she proceeded, his initial expression of indiscriminate sympathy became tinged with understanding. Then the bright light of comprehension spread over his face, the corners of his mouth quivered with mirth and at the climax he gave vent to a shout of laughter.

"Oh, my dear," he said when he was able to speak, "you certainly will kill me when I tell you."

So he did tell her, but he was no longer laughing when he reached the end of his tale. In truth, he was obliged to address the latter part to her indignant back as she flew angrily up the stairs.

The price of peace was a new hat, bigger and more wonderful than the one with the onion flavor.